

*Copy of a LETTER lately wrote to LORD
CORNWALLIS, which I wish may prove
of public Utility.*

EXETER, October 12, 1785.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT express to you in Words the divine Goodness to me, a miserable Sinner. I have lately had a blessed Communion in my Bed with our blessed Saviour, who has answered me to such Questions as I put to him in a most engaging and loving Manner by his blessed Spirit. I asked our Saviour, If my Mother, and my unhappy Sister Bell, were in Heaven?—Our blessed Lord answered me, Yes. How great are the Privileges and supreme Joys which the Christian is permitted to enjoy with our dear Lord, who freely communes with miserable sinful Worms that come unto him to implore his Mercy and Protection! Our blessed Saviour receives me always with Mercy and Goodness, though, I am sorry to say, I sin against him tremendously, by doing despite to his Grace, and grieving the Holy Spirit much by my Unwatchfulness, that sometimes I am afraid of calling down the Judgment of the Lord upon me, for my Impenitence; but, blessed be God for ever and ever, who has preserved me, through his infinite Mercy, Goodness, Patience, and Long-suffering, to the present Moment, and for the good Hope he has given me of trusting in him. My Conversation is now in Heaven. I find my Comfort and sole Happiness to rest in my blessed Saviour alone. I am now crucified to the World, and the World to me. The Lord has given me both to know and feel there is a better World above us, where there is true and everlasting Joys; and I wish much to be there. The Sting of Death is removed from me—I know, by Heart-felt Experience, that my Redeemer liveth, and that my Name is written in the Lamb's Book. Oh! what a Comfort and Joy it is to know our sins below forgiven, and have the living Witness of the Truth of it abiding in us; the Holy Spirit, to comfort and gladden our Hearts through this howling Wilderness, and to conduct us Home to our heavenly Father! I asked the Lord, in a blessed Time of sweet Communion with him, to take me this Year to Heaven, to translate me, as he did Enoch of old, and the Lord most graciously answered me, He would do it, to my unspeakable Joy. I beg to be most affectionately and respectfully remembered to Miss Townshend, the kind Patroness of my Youth, under the Lord. I intend to leave behind me, in my Apartment, a Sketch of my dreadful Life, and of my great and wonderful Preservation from the Jaws of Hell, to the great Glory and Praise of our dear Redeemer, for the Comfort and Benefit of Mankind in general: To whom be everlasting Adoration, Honour, Glory, and Praise, as is most justly due.

I am, my Lord,

With due Respect,

Your Lordship's much obliged humble Servant,

EARL CORNWALLIS.

EDWARD THOMAS WILKINSON,
(Late Commander of Placentia Garrison).
Servant to the Lord Jesus.